



Diane Cecile Maiwald

April 4, 1947 - April 29, 2026

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Diane Cecile Maiwald - known affectionately by friends and family as “Daisy”- was a dedicated physician, adventurous world traveler, and devoted mother and grandmother.

She

passed away peacefully at the age of 79. Born on April 4, 1947, in Huntington, Long Island,

Diane was the daughter of the late Ernest Maiwald and Cecelia Maiwald (née Kuskowski).

A respected dermatologist, Diane dedicated her life to the health and well-being of her patients. After establishing a successful private practice in Toledo, Ohio, she returned to her

roots on Long Island. For over three decades, she ran a thriving practice in Huntington Station,

where she was known not just for her medical expertise, but for the genuine connections she

forged with those in her care becoming friends with many of her patients.

Diane’s spirit was defined by a deep curiosity about the world. Her passion for travel began early, highlighted by a bold, solo trip to Japan during her college years. Throughout her

life, she remained a true Francophile, making frequent trips to France to soak in the culture and

beauty alongside her daughter and dear friends.

When she wasn't exploring distant corners of the globe, Diane found peace in her garden.

She possessed a keen eye for beauty, a trait that extended to her love of fine dining and her

appreciation for vibrant local cultures.

In 1994, Diane followed her heart to New Orleans, a city whose energy and soul resonated with her deeply. She purchased a home there, visiting often until it eventually became

her primary residence upon her retirement. In the Crescent City, she found a perfect

backdrop for

her love of life, faith, and friendship.

Above all, Diane valued the people in her life. She was a woman of steadfast faith and a loyal friend to many. Her greatest joy, however, was her family.

She is survived by her daughter Turna Mete, her son-in-law Tobias Segal and her cherished grandchildren Ayse and Emmett Segal.

Daisy's legacy lives on in the gardens she planted, the patients she healed, and the many lives she touched with her independent spirit and warmth.

Service Information:

Friday May 15, 2026 - Meet at 12pm for procession from A.L. Jacobsen Funeral Home or at

Cemetery of the Holy Rood Cemetery for graveside services at 1pm.

Cemetery Details

Holy Rood Cemetery

111 Old Country Road
Westbury, NY 11590

Previous Events

Graveside Service

MAY 15. 1:00 PM (ET)

Holy Rood Cemetery
111 Old Country Road
Westbury, NY 11590

Tribute Wall

LS

“ Love, The Steinachers purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Diane Cecile Maiwald.



Love, The Steinachers - May 14 at 11:27 AM

IR

“ it home. Love, Aline, Suzie, & David Rey purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Diane Cecile Maiwald.



it home. Love, Aline, Suzie, & David Rey - May 10 at 12:11 PM

“ Four and one half months after she was given eight months to live, Daisy passed. During those four and a half months, we met only three times but exchanged at least fifty phone calls. Each meeting, and each phone conversation, was a pleasure. Despite constant (4x/week) medical visits, she was always pleasant, cheery, and interesting. She would describe in detail what she was going through but never in a complaining way. Nothing was off the table, including death, yet our conversations were never morbid, always just matter-of-fact. They included everything from health, family, occupation, politics, etc.

After our initial meeting for breakfast about a year ago, we parted as new acquaintances, nothing more. Some months later I came across her number and recalled that she had mentioned some medical issues. I called her, only to find that she had been diagnosed with an incurable leukemia. But you would never know it from the way she spoke. She was living life one day at a time and squeezing out every ounce of that life. Until the very end, she was always upbeat and happy to talk, and called me from time to time.

I last saw her two weeks ago when she invited me over for home-made chili. She was bright and cheery as always, with her major concern being getting a gardener to plant some flowers for her, and putting up new window coverings. As I was about to leave, she said, "Wait. Let's try this" as she took one step up her stairs, turned around, and asked for a hug.

I now realize how much that hug and all our frequent phone conversations must have meant to her. She had her daughter and best friend Cathy to lean on, but after that it was me. In her quiet times and during her non-stop medical procedures, she must have been awfully lonely but never let on until her very last days at Sloan Kettering, when she cried at the solitude of being alone in her own room 24 hours a day. I held off a planned visit last Sunday when I heard that she was going to be discharged.

Although in the four times meet, our total time together was no more than 5 hours, we shared a rare friendship, the memory of which will be with me always. For the past four and one half months I thought I was being the "good guy" with my constant calls. I know that she appreciated them, but what I didn't realize until now is that I benefited as much (if not more) than she did. She was a pleasure to know. The phrase, "Live each day as if it were your last," is no longer just words to me, but a guide for living the rest of my life. If you can hear me (and I'm sure you can), "Thank you Daisy!"